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THE PRESENT ISSUES IN OUR POLITICS.

There has never been in our political life a more unfortunate combination of confusion, misdirected efforts, and frivolous thoughtlessness than at present. The country is divided by the cry for free coinage of silver into two camps; those who adhere to the gold standard are called Goldbugs, and those who clamor for the rehabilitation of silver are called the Silverites. The real issue, however, is not the question whether we shall have a gold or a silver standard, but whether or not the currency shall be debased. The new party espouses with unprecedented boldness the interests of the debtor class against their creditors. They contend that gold has risen in value while the prices of all other commodities have fallen; and that thus the dollar lent by the creditor some years ago to the debtor is now dearer than it was then; it would therefore be fair to cheapen it again in order to correct the injustice involved in the change of values.

In the past it was the sorry privilege of kings and governments to debase the currency whenever they became implicated in financial trouble and wanted to cancel part of their debts at the cost of their subjects. Their policy has always and unanimously been denounced by historians and political economists of every school and of every party as plain robbery, as stealing, as cheating, as taking the money directly out of the people's pockets; but now we witness the strange phenomenon of a party rising in a country which boasts to be "by the people, of the people, and for the people," proposing the debasement of currency as the panacea that shall remedy the evils of the financial straits of the people. And it is for the sake of the people that we are requested to debase the currency so that he who loaned, deposited, or invested a dollar worth 23.22 grains of gold shall be paid back in silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, which would be but little more than 12 grains of gold.

We ought not be blind to the fact that all the hatred that justly and unjustly has been accumulated against monopolies, oppression, and extortions of all kinds, is now bursting forth in full blaze; the banks, monopolies, trusts (with the exception of the silver-mine owners), railroads and other corporations are vigorously denounced, and the movement which is revolutionary even now, threatens to be the beginning only of more radical changes.

What are the issues at this juncture? McKinley against Bryan! High protection against debasement of currency! What a choice for a voter who means to do his best for the welfare of the people! On the one side the representative of the policy that favors the classes against the masses, on the other side a dupe of the silver trust!

The two candidates for presidency propose plans containing the same fallacy, which is, as General M. M. Trumbull called it, the theory of "making scarcity." Both candidates, Gov. McKinley and Mr. Bryan, believe that commodities are not expensive enough, that we are cursed by the cheapness of the necessities of life, that we can buy too much for our money. There is only this difference: Gov. McKinley believes that it would be a blessing for the country if the prices of all commodities were artificially raised by a high protective tariff, while Mr. Bryan proposes to make money cheap, so that in the future we should buy no more than half for the same amount.

Both, of course, claim to espouse the cause of labor, and both appear to be honest in their convictions. But, in truth, one of the candidates wants to continue the cause that helped to produce the present evil, while the other defends the wildest scheme of robbery ever proposed. Bryan offers a cure which would be worse than the disease; he prescribes a medicine that is deadly poison, and advocates a reform that strikes at the root of the ethics of national economy.

One of the most important signs of economical progress consists in the increase of the purchasing power of money. Inventions are made and new manufactories are established. A quicker and more easy exchange of goods transports these commodities to the markets where they are most in demand. More goods are manufactured with less toil. Thus commodities are cheapened while wages rise. Labor is lessened while the returns of labor increase. More skilled laborers are needed, and at the same time the chances of earning money increase. Therefore all economists count it a gain when money becomes dear; but Mr. Bryan proposes a new kind of political economy, according

to which that country would be most blest where as little as possible can be bought with the same amount of money; and to the masses, who can neither argue logically nor are familiar with the laws of economy, he makes his theory quite plausible. He said in one of his speeches in Cleveland:

"Now, you are told that you do not want cheap money. Well, those of you who produce more property than you do money, do not want cheap property either. How would it do to turn your attention from good money for awhile and fasten your eyes upon good grapes and good wheat and good corn? These are the things which you produce and convert into money, and when you make money dear you make your property cheap. Whenever you push money up you push property down.

For twenty years and more we have been increasing the purchasing price of the dollar by creating a new demand, and as the new demand has been created by law the purchasing power of an ounce of gold has been raised throughout the world. What is the effect? To the man who owns money and loans money, whose wealth is invested in dollars and in contracts payable in dollars, that legislation has been a good thing. What other class has been affected by it? The debtor. A man who has a certain amount of money to pay has to pay the debt by selling something which he produces, and if the price of his products has gone down it requires more of the products of toil to pay an amount of money sufficient to discharge that debt."

Mr. Bryan confounds labor and the products of labor. While a watchmaker about a century ago could make only one watch in a week, a limited number of mechanics can now turn out thousands of watches in the same time, and their wages are not only better than the wages of the watchmaker of the eighteenth century, but they buy with their dollar more of the necessities and conveniences of life. There can be no question about it that the average laborer now lives better than the average laborer in former ages. Wages upon the whole have risen and the purchasing power of money has increased. And this is what must be expected in the normal progress of civilisation. Mr. Bryan, however, would make us believe that the cheaper watches are, the more poorly must be the wages of the watchmaker.

In German the word *Theurung*, or dearness, which means a condition in which the necessities of life are dear, is equivalent with dearth and famine; and nothing is dreaded more by the people than a *Theurung*. Now there comes an apostle proclaiming a new dispensation that will produce a dearness of bread and fruit and all the commodities necessary to life. Bryan proposes to cast out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of devils; he would have us substitute a greater evil for a lesser evil.

An increase of the purchasing power of money is naturally accompanied by more varied and better facilities of earning money. The greater the demand for skilled labor, the better paid are the laborers of all kinds; and the cheaper the various commodities are, the easier it is to save money. Dearness of commodities is always a lamentable condition.

The Western farmer struggles against great disadvantages because the price of his farming machinery is artificially raised by the high protective tariff, and also by the heavy freight rates which might be cheaper. But instead of removing the ills that oppress our Western farmers now, Mr. Bryan proposes a policy which would be most disastrous for the whole country, because it turns back the tide of progress. The mere fear of a debased currency has already changed bad times into hard times. Every enterprise is paralysed and all confidence in the world of business is weakened. Should our currency actually be debased, times will be so bad that our Western farmers will find it harder to pay back half the amount of their debts than in times of prosperity the double sum. While they are greatly suffering now, they will, under Bryan's régime, be reduced to starvation. Many laborers are kept idle during the present business stagnation; they will be reduced to the pauperism of a lower stage of civilisation if, under the new dispensation, they are paid in a debased currency with a lessened purchasing power.

Should our people seriously contemplate to trace back the advance made in the last half-century, they must at the same time be ready to readjust their stomachs to the fare of former days; otherwise we shall unfailingly have scarcity and famine. P. C.

A PILGRIMAGE TO BEETHOVEN.[1]

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

[CONCLUDED.]

The momentous day on which I expected to meet Beethoven at last dawned. I waited impatiently for the proper hour for a morning call. It tolled at length and I went forth. The event of my life was about to happen. The thought of it made me quiver to my inmost being.

But I had a fearful ordeal yet to endure.

Sauntering at the door of Beethoven's house, my evil spirit coolly awaited me,—the Englishman! The wretch had been sowing his bribes right and left, and had at last corrupted even the host of our hotel. The latter had read Beethoven's unsealed lines to me, ere I had read them myself, and he had betrayed the contents to the Briton.

At the very sight of him, a cold perspiration started from all my pores. My poetic feeling vanished; the divine flame was quenched on the instant. Once more I was in his power.

"Come on!" thus the miserable man saluted me. "Let us introduce ourselves to Beethoven!"

I was first for throwing him off by recourse to a

[1] Translated from the German by O. W. Weyer.

lie, pretending that I was not on my way to Beethoven at all. But he quickly cut off every such avenue of escape. With the utmost candor he acquainted me with the manner in which he had gotten possession of my secret, and affirmed that he would not again leave me until we both came away from Beethoven together. Then I endeavored to have him relinquish his intentions; first by kindly remonstrance,—in vain! Then I worked myself into a passion,—in vain! Finally, thinking to avoid him by fleetness of foot, I sped by him like an arrow, up the long stairway, and pulled like a madman at the door-bell. Ere the door was opened, the gentleman was again upon me, grasped the tails of my coat and cried:

"Don't attempt to run away from me. I have a claim upon your coat-tails and I shall maintain my hold on them till we are face to face with Beethoven."

I turned indignantly about, attempting to release myself from his grasp. Indeed, I even felt tempted to protect my person against the proud son of Britannia with acts of bodily violence. But the door just then opened. An old housekeeper appeared; her visage grew dark as she perceived us in our strange attitude, and she made a hasty motion as if to close the door upon us. In my great anxiety I shouted my name loudly, and protested that I had come upon the invitation of Herr Beethoven.

The old dame was still wavering, for the Englishman's appearance seemed to her to justify quite a deal of doubt, when suddenly Beethoven himself appeared at the door of his cabinet. Taking advantage of the moment, I stepped quickly within, advancing toward the master with the intention of excusing myself. But in doing so, I pulled the Englishman along with me, for he still obstinately clung to me. He carried out his purpose and released his hold of me only when we stood face to face with Beethoven. I made a low bow and stammered forth my name. Although he very probably did not hear it, still he seemed to know that I was the one who had written to him. He bade me enter his apartments. And without paying the least attention to Beethoven's look of amazement, my companion slipped stealthily in after me.

Here I was,—within the inmost holy place. But the horrible embarrassment into which the incorrigible Briton had thrown me, robbed me of all the calmness and self-collection which I had need of to enjoy my good fortune in a worthy manner. And Beethoven's exterior, too, was by no means of a kind to impress one agreeably or to put one altogether at ease. His dress—for wear within doors—was quite untidy. He wore a red flannel cloth girt about his body. His long, coarse gray hair fell unkempt about his head. And his grim inamicable countenance was by no means calculated to put an end to the embarrassment I felt. We took seats at a table covered with papers and quills.

Some moments of uncomfortable silence ensued. Neither of us spoke. Beethoven was plainly displeased at having received two persons instead of one.

At length, he broke the silence, asking me, in a voice that was grating and harsh:

"Are you from L . . . . ?"

I was about to answer him, but he interrupted me, pushing a sheet of paper and a pencil toward me, and adding:

"Write! I do not hear!"

I knew of Beethoven's deafness and had prepared myself for it. Still it was like a stab through the heart to hear it in that harsh and broken voice of his, "I do not hear." To be solitary in the world, to live without joys and be poor, to know of no other escape from such a sordid life than that in the wondrous power of tones, and yet to have to say, "I do not hear!" Instantly, I understood completely the external appearance of Beethoven, the wretchedness so deeply graven in his cheeks, the gloomy vindictiveness in his glance, the taciturn defiance on his lips: *he did not hear!*

Confused and hardly knowing what I wrote, I wrote down an entreaty for his pardon, together with a short explanation of the circumstances which had led to my coming in the company of the Englishman. The latter, in the meantime, had been sitting mute and contented, opposite Beethoven, who, after reading my lines, turned with considerable asperity upon him, demanding what he wished.

"I have the honor—" the Briton was beginning.

"I don't understand you," exclaimed Beethoven quickly interrupting him. "I do not hear, and I speak with some difficulty, too. Write down what you wish of me."

The Englishman reflected a moment, finally drew a delicate, pretty little piece of musical manuscript from his pocket, and said to me:

"It is well. Write, I beg Herr Beethoven to scan over my composition. Wherever he finds a place in it which does not please him, he will have the kindness to mark it with a cross."

I wrote down his request, word for word, in the hope that thus I might get rid of him. And so it happened. Beethoven, when he had read the request, laid the Englishman's composition upon the table, smiling grimly the while; then nodded and said:

"I shall send it."

My foreign gentleman was very well content with that. He arose, performed a most particularly splendid and formal bow and took his leave. I drew a deep breath of relief,—he was gone!

Now, indeed, I felt that I was within the sanctu-

ary. Even Beethoven's lineaments visibly brightened. He gazed calmly at me for a moment, and began:

"I suppose the Briton has caused you a great deal of annoyance? Let us offer solace to each other. Long ago, these touring Englishmen succeeded in tormenting me to the quick. They come to-day to see a poor musician, just as to-morrow they will flock to stare at some rare animal. I am very sorry, indeed, to have mistaken you for one of them. You wrote that you take pleasure in my compositions. It is a pleasure to me to hear it. For I no longer care much whether my works please the crowd or not."

This familiarity of address soon dispelled the embarrassment which oppressed me. I felt a thrill of joy at hearing these simple words. I wrote that surely I was not the only one who was filled with ardent enthusiasm for every one of his creations. That, for instance, I desired nothing more keenly than that I might secure for my native city the good fortune of some day seeing him in their midst; and that he would then be very quickly convinced what a powerful impress upon the whole public his works made there.

"I am quite willing to believe," replied Beethoven, "that my compositions find a more ready welcome in Northern Germany than they do here. I often lose patience with the people of Vienna. They listen daily to too much poor stuff to be in the humor —for any considerable length of time—to take up serious work in a serious manner."

I felt like contradicting this assertion and told him that I had been at the performance of "Fidelio," the evening before, and how the Vienna public had received the opera with the most evident enthusiasm.

"Hm! Hm!" muttered the master. "The 'Fidelio!' And yet I know that these folk are now clapping their hands out of sheer vanity. They are possessed of the notion that, in revising this opera, I have followed their counsel only. They wish to reward me for the trouble I have been to, and so cry, 'Bravo!' They are a good-natured people, though not overschooled. That is why I prefer to live among them rather than among people who *are* scholarly. Does the 'Fidelio' please you in its present form?"

I gave him an account of the impressions which the performance had made upon me, and remarked that I thought the changes and additions had magnificently improved the work.

"A most disagreeable kind of labor!" rejoined Beethoven. "I am no composer of operas. At least, I know of no theatre in the world for which I should willingly write another opera. If I were to compose an opera after my own taste and views, people would run away from it. There would be no arias, duets, trios, nor any similar stuff in it, with which they patch operas together now-a-days. And that which I should put in their stead no singer would consent to sing, no public be willing to hear. They all know nothing better than the glittering falsehood, brilliant nonsense, sweet-coated *ennui*. He who were to attempt a true musical drama would be looked upon as a fool. He would, in fact, be a fool, if, after composing such a drama, he did not jealously keep it a secret, but sought to bring it before the people."

"And how would he have to proceed?" I asked, "to create such a musical drama."

"As Shakespeare did when he wrote his pieces," was the almost impetuous answer. Then, more self-contained, he continued: "When one is compelled to make it the main object to bedeck women, who have passable voices, with all kinds of gaudy tinsel, with which to obtain the bravos and the applause of clapping hands, he ought to turn a Parisian *modiste*, rather than go on as a dramatic composer. I, for my part, am not cut out for such buffoonery. I know that, on this account, the smart people think that, while I may know something about instrumental music, I shall never be at home in the composition of vocal music. And they are right, since they mean by vocal music operatic music only. And may heaven preserve me from ever feeling at home in composing such nonsense."

I took the liberty, here, of asking him if he really believed that any one who had once heard his "Adelaide" would venture to deny to him a most splendid capacity for vocal music, too.

"Well," he replied after a short pause, "the 'Adelaide' and similar pieces may, perhaps, be looked upon as trifles which are always opportune to the professional *virtuosi*, offering them the means they long for to display their excellent training and art. But why should not vocal music form a great and serious class of music apart, as well as instrumental music? Such, that we might demand as much respect for it from the careless singing folk as, for instance, is exacted of an orchestra in rendering a symphony. The human voice is an irrepressible fact. Moreover, it is a far more beautiful and noble medium of tone than any instrument of the orchestra. Then why may we not employ it with the same independence with which we do the orchestra? Think what new effects we might secure by such a procedure. For the special character of the human voice, because it is so wholly different from the peculiar qualities of the instruments, could very readily be rendered prominent and easily followed, and would thus permit of producing the most manifold combinations. The instruments are, as it were, the representatives of the primal media of the tones of creation and nature. That which they express can never be clearly defined or fixed; for they reproduce the very primal emotions themselves, just as they

were born in the chaos of the first creation, when, perhaps, no such thing as a human being existed who could receive and give them an abiding place within his heart. The genius of the human voice is of an entirely different character. The human voice is the representative of the human heart and its sequestered, individual feeling. Its character is consequently limited, but at the same time definite and clear. Bring these two elemental classes together, now, and combine them! To the unrestrained primal emotions of nature, soaring away into the infinite (representing them by the instruments,) oppose the clear and determinate emotion of the human heart (representing it by the human voice). The presence of this latter element would have a benign and pacificatory effect upon the war of what I have styled nature's primal emotions; would give to their various and uncertain streams a fixed and united course. And, on its own side, in becoming receptive of these primal emotions of nature, the human heart, immeasurably strengthened and expanded, would become capable of perceiving clearly within itself the supreme,—theretofore felt but as an uncertain instinct, but now transformed into a divine consciousness."

Here Beethoven discontinued for a few moments, as though exhausted. Then he proceeded, sighing gently:—

"Of course, in attempting to solve this problem, we encounter many difficulties. To render expression in song, words are necessary. But who would be capable of expressing, in words, a poetry which is founded on such a union of all elements? The poet's art must retire before such a task: words are too weakly media for its performance.—You will, sir, soon see a new composition of mine, which will remind you of what I have just been saying. It is a symphony with choruses. I call your attention to the difficulty I met while composing it, in the effort to surmount the obstacle caused by the inadequacy of poetry when I sought its aid. I finally decided to use Schiller's beautiful hymn, *An die Freude*. This is, indeed, a noble and exalted poem, although it falls far short of expressing that to which, in this case, it is true, no verses in the world *can* give adequate expression."

To this very day I can hardly comprehend all the joy I felt as Beethoven thus himself assisted me, with these brief hints, to the thorough understanding of his titanic last symphony which was then, at most, but just finished, but as yet known to no one. I expressed my warmest gratitude for this surely most unusual condescension; giving utterance at the same time to the delight which his information afforded me that another great work of his might soon be expected. The tears had started to my eyes. I could have knelt before him.

Beethoven seemed to note my deep emotion. He looked at me, smiling half sadly, half mockingly, as he said:

"You can defend me when the discussion of my new work arises. Remember what I say: the wise folk will deem me mad, or at least hoot at me as such. But you see, Mr. R——, that I am not exactly a madman yet, although in other respects I am unfortunate enough to be one.—People demand that I shall write as *they* imagine it is beautiful and good; they do not consider that I, poor deaf wretch, must necessarily have peculiar ideas of my own,—that it is impossible for me to compose otherwise than as I feel. And that I cannot think their beautiful thoughts nor feel their nice feelings," he added ironically, "that is just my misfortune!"

With that he arose, and with short, rapid steps strode up and down the room. Deeply moved to my inmost being as I was, I, too, arose; I felt that I was trembling. Impossible it would have been for me to have continued the conversation, either in pantomime or in writing. I became conscious that now the moment had come when my visit, if protracted, might weary the master. To *write it down* seemed to me too vapid a manner of expressing my thanks and saying farewell. I contented myself with reaching for my hat, stepping before Beethoven, and letting him read in my glance what was passing within me.

He seemed to understand me.

"You are going?" he asked. "Shall you remain any length of time in Vienna?"

I wrote for him to read that I had no other purpose in making this journey than to become acquainted with him; that since he had honored me by according me such an unusual reception, I was beyond measure happy to view my object as accomplished, and should on the morrow begin my journey homeward.

He rejoined, with a smile: "In your letter you told me in what way you created the funds for this journey. You ought to remain at Vienna and continue your composition of galops. This class of music is highly esteemed here."

I declared that I was done with it for good; that I knew of nothing which could ever again appear worth the sacrifice.

"Well, well!" he rejoined, "time will tell. I, too, old simpleton that I am, would be better off if I composed galops. If I go on as I have been I shall always more or less be in want. A happy journey!" he continued. "Remember me, and in all the hardships you may encounter, console yourself with me."

Agitated and with tears in my eyes, I was about to take my leave, when he suddenly called to me: "Hold! let us finish off the musical Englishman first! Let us see where the crosses shall come!"

He seized the Briton's manuscript, scanned it hastily over, smiling the while. Then he carefully gathered it together again, rolled it up in a sheet of paper, grasped a coarse pen, and drew a colossal cross over the whole wrapping. Then he handed it to me, with the words:—

"There! kindly hand the lucky fellow his masterpiece! He is an ass, and yet I envy him his long ears!—Farewell, dear sir, and keep me in kind remembrance!"

Then he let me go. I was overcome as I left the room and the house.

* * *

In the hotel, I came across the Englishman's serving man packing away his master's trunks in the travelling coach. Evidently his object had been attained, too; I was forced to admit that he also had shown pertinacity. I hurried to my room and likewise got ready to begin my return journey afoot, with the dawn of the coming day. I laughed aloud as I gazed at the cross upon the wrapping round the Englishman's composition. And yet this cross was a souvenir of Beethoven, and I was loth that the evil spirit of my pilgrimage should possess it. I came to a quick decision, I took the wrapping off, brought out my galops and hid them away in this damning cover. I had the Englishman's composition taken to him without any cover, and accompanied it with a note in which I informed him that Beethoven had envied him and had affirmed he knew not a single spot at which to make a cross.

As I was leaving the hotel, I saw my quondam companion getting into his wagon.

"Farewell!" he called to me. "You have done me a great service. I am very glad to have made the acquaintance of Mr. Beethoven.—Would you like to go with me to Italy?"

"What are you looking for there?" I asked in reply.

"I want to make the acquaintance of Mr. Rossini. For he is a very celebrated composer."

"Good luck!" I cried. "I know Beethoven. That is enough for me so long as I live!"

We separated. I threw yet one yearning glance at Beethoven's house and journeyed toward the North, in my heart exalted and ennobled.

THE RIGHT TO BE A MILLIONAIRE.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

The author of "A Parisian in America" tells us that this is "the country of millionaires," and that we have more than thirty-six thousand already. There are quite enough of them, at all events, to take care of themselves without help of mine; but we ought, in justice to ourselves, to rise to broader views of the rich than are often presented in the name of reform. It is well to remember whose generosity gave us most of our public libraries, colleges, parks, and picture-galleries, and whose money has adorned our cities with so many handsome buildings. Think of the hospitals and asylums which bear the names of wealthy founders. Our public schools have been greatly improved of late by the introduction of systematic training of hand and eye as an additional way to develop the brain. Instruction in cooking, drawing, modeling, and use of various tools has been found to assist the growth of mental power. This reform was the work of a few wealthy women, who engaged teachers, opened rooms, and collected pupils, amid the indifference of school committees and the opposition of regular instructors employed in the public schools. If you wish to see manual training at its best to-day you must go to costly buildings erected and equipped by rich individuals. The purification of our politics, especially of municipal government, has been achieved by clubs of wealthy men in our large cities; and what has just been organised as pre-eminently the poor man's party has declared itself against retention of office during good behavior. The abolition of slavery was largely due to wealthy philanthropists like Gerrit Smith, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner and others, who helped pay the expenses of papers which had not subscribers enough to be self-supporting. Rich manufacturers took the lead in abolishing the Corn Laws, while many of the workingmen cared only for Chartism, or were active protectionists. Jesus is by no means the only reformer who has found rich men stand by him when the fishermen fled and the populace shouted "Crucify!" In Emerson's lecture on "The Conservative" there is a story of a monk who goes to Rome to reform the corruption of mankind. He has been praying that God would destroy the rich; but he finds they are so generous and conscientious that the best thing he can do is to go back to his cell.

The Western farmer has been so unfortunate that we can scarcely wonder at his readiness to join the crusade against gold-bugs and millionaires. When he becomes prosperous again he will find himself attacked according to his own principles by the landless followers of Henry George. The millionaire is not the only owner of property whose right is being called in question by agitators. Who can tell where they will stop? Their most logical position is the well-known one that, as all wealth is the fruit of labor, it all belongs to the workingman. It would be doing great injustice to this theory to suppose that it applies to no one but millionaires. Its author, Karl Marx, and other leading socialists, acknowledged that a legitimate application of the great principle was made in 1871, when the workmen of Paris took its government into their own hands in order to emancipate themselves from the au-

thority of every one richer than themselves. With this purpose they plundered their neighbors systematically, fought month after month against the soldiers of the Republic, murdered prisoners wantonly, and reduced priceless gems of architecture to ashes. Was this a conflict between the claims of property-holders generally and the right of the workingman? And has the latter a right to all the wealth? If no one has a right to be a millionaire, what right has any man to own a farm or carry on a store for his own benefit or take rent for a house? All these rights are actually denied by socialists. What is just?

Suppose a sculptor sends a model of a statue to a foundry, where it is cast into bronze. It turns out to be such a marvel of beauty that he sells it for $10,000. Would the workmen in the foundry have a right to say to him: "We want our share of that money. It is the fruit of labor, and we have each of us worked much harder at the job than you did?" The sculptor might very properly reply: "You have had your wages already. You worked no harder on my model than on the one which you cast just before. That statue is worth only the metal in it. It took quite as much muscle to model and cast it as my statue did. The price I got is the wages for the brains I used in the work." Suppose, again, that these workmen leave the studio of the artist, go to the office of the proprietor of the foundry and say to him: "You got more money from the man who made that model than you paid to us. We want our full share." He might answer: "The man that ran this foundry before I bought it paid you less than I do per man, and made you work just as hard. He managed so badly that he had to sell out at a loss. I know how to turn out better castings at less expense for metals and machinery, and I don't lose by bad debts as he did. I make more money than he, but it is not because you are paid less or worked harder. The foundry is more valuable than it was before, but it's because I know how to run it. The output is worth more than it ever was, and I have a right to all I earn by making it so. If I could not make my capital and skill pay in this country I should take them to Europe." The man who could honestly speak thus, and who has the skill to run a factory, or railroad, or any other great enterprise at a profit, without wronging either his workmen or his customers, has a right to be a millionaire. He is not the enemy of his country, but a public benefactor. He is keeping goods plenty and wages high. He has a just title to the wealth which he creates.

Much of the last paragraph was suggested by Mallock's *Labor and the Popular Welfare*. This book states the fact that the annual amount of wealth produced in England at present is more than twice as large in proportion to population as it was a hundred years ago. Muscular and manual labor would not be more productive now than in the last century, if it were not better guided by men of practical ability, as well as more profitably aided by machinery which such men have invented. The inference is that this increase of wealth is not so much the work of muscle as of mind. It is brains rather than hands which have made England rich. Mr. Mallock's estimate is that very nearly two-thirds of the national income is now produced by men of practical ability, who form only one-sixteenth of "the producing classes."

The state of things cannot be very different in this country, where the total wealth amounts at present, according to Carroll D. Wright, to about $1,000 for every man, woman, and child. This is four times the proportion given by the census of 1820. The workman has had his full share of all this gain. His wages have doubled, but his expenses have not greatly increased. He does not owe this improvement so much to his comrades as to the inventors of looms, reapers, mowers, and other labor-saving machines, to the builders of railroads and steamships, to the managers of mines and factories, and to other men whose brains have enabled muscle to earn such wages as it never did before. No wonder that many of these men have made themselves millionaires. Our business men are too intelligent to permit any one to make much money in ways which benefit only himself. The fact that an American raises himself from poverty to opulence is presumptive proof that he has done more good than harm to his fellow citizens. They would have had no dealings with him otherwise.

We ought, I think, to admit the right of mind to make more money than muscle; and it is impossible to say where the difference should stop. The man whose ability makes the labor of thousands of operatives much more profitable to themselves, and also to the whole country, than it could otherwise be, has a right to a large share of the profit. I see no way of determining how large his share ought to be except by the laws of supply and demand. If he charges too much to his customers they will buy goods elsewhere unless prevented by trusts and tariffs. If the employer pays too little to his men there is no law to hinder them from going to work elsewhere. Of course, no man has a right to make himself a millionaire by cheating either workmen or customers, or by perverting legislation for the benefit of his mine or factory to the public loss. No man has a right to make any sum of money, however small, by such dishonesty. It is further the duty of the millionaire to obey the laws, to be generous to the needy, to help all who try to help themselves, and to set a good example otherwise. These conditions limit the right of a millionaire to make money, and so they do that of every farmer, or

tradesman, or mechanic. In short, the right to be a millionaire rests on precisely the same foundation as the right to lay up money to any amount, however small. If we further allow the right of children to receive money by bequest from parents who made even a few hundred dollars, we must also admit the right of inheriting millions. The rights of all holders of property are bound together so closely that they must all be accepted or rejected together.

Knowledge of this fact made the London shopkeepers help the nobles and merchant princes defeat the Chartists in 1848. So the peasants, who owned land in France, were as eager as the bankers and manufacturers to put down the socialists, who had hoisted the red flag over the barricades in Paris in 1871. And the new crusaders for the silver standard will find themselves hopelessly in the minority as soon as our people come to understand the real solidarity of all interests, whether of rich or poor, of farmer or banker, of wage-earner or employer, in America.

"CURRENT TOPICS."

Gen. M. M. Trumbull wrote in his "Current Topics" of 1893 (July 13) as follows:

"There is a good deal of headache in the Silver Question for any man who is foolish enough to study it. I have been devoting myself to it for some time, but like the man in the maze, the farther I travel the more bewildered I am. After studying the plan of some famous Money Doctor until I think I understand the subject pretty well, another M. D. comes along and shows me that his rival is a quack, incurably wrong in his diagnosis of the case, and in his financial therapeutics too. The only thing about it that I know with certainty is that the country is in a very bad way owing to a superabundance of silver, and some other natural aptitudes and opportunities; a sunshine too creative, and a soil too rich, an oppressive affluence of corn, and wine, and oil, with too much coal in the underground cellar filled by Nature millions of years ago. It may seem to be irreverent, but according to the Doctors of Money we are afflicted with too many good things, and for this exuberance of blessings they tell us Divine Providence is not altogether free from blame. In spite of legislative efforts to diminish the gifts of God, and to impair the energies of men, the productive activities of the earth never cease; the mountains of silver in the West continue to yield their bounties, the land is all resplendent with a carpet of golden grain, and still we can hear the corn grow. Substituting the puny laws of men for the munificent scheme of Nature, the Doctors of Money teach us an inverted system of economy. They tell us that the harvest of the mines, the factories, and the fields is too abundant, and that this is the beginning of our national distress. There must be a fallacy in that argument, for although individual persons may have too little of Nature's blessings, the whole community never can have too much.

"If those distressing superfluities are not limited in some effectual way by statesmanship, I fear that I shall have solid silver spoons upon my table, insead of the bits of plated iron that I am using now; and lest it may seem that in the foregoing paragraph I have rebuked an imaginary theory that has no existence, I will quote a few sentences from a leading article that appeared last Monday in a Chicago newspaper of great circulation and authority. Speaking of the silver-miners and their enormous harvest, the editor said: 'It is a calamity to these people that overproduction has caused not only stagnation, but a stoppage in the sales of the main product of the territory where they live.' This is an exaggeration, for the stoppage is not of sales, but of sales at the high prices, which it is the business of abundance to diminish. The editor then pities them for the dazzling richness of their store, as if they were a caravan of overladen camels, and he says: 'They are entitled to respect and sympathy in this adverse period.' After that he consoles them by the statement that other industries are suffering from a similar calamity. He says: 'Producers in the wheat belts, in the corn belt, and in the cotton belt have suffered from too abundant harvests.' To make that convincing, he should have shown how the producers in the tobacco belt, and the sugar belt, and the peanut belt, and the eggs and chickens belt, had prospered from a meagre harvest and a diminutive supply. We do not need a political education to convince us that abundance is not a 'calamity.' Moral intuition teaches us that mankind cannot have too much of either health or wealth, and that the gospel of scarcity is false."

NOTES.

Christian Literature for August, 1896, contains the sixth instalment of a scholarly series of essays by Prof. B. B. Warfield on "Augustine and the Pelagian Controversy." The remaining articles are reprints from contemporary theological and religious literature, and seem to stamp the periodical as eclectic in character. Students and readers of ecclesiastical history would do well to consult the book-lists of this Company. (Christian Literature Co., 13 Astor Place, New York.)

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